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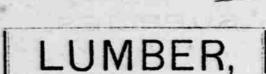
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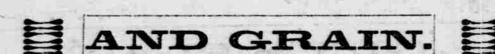
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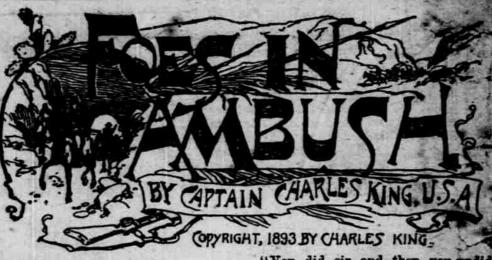
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A QUIET AND ORDERLY RESORT

Where gentlemen will receive courteous treatment at all times and where they will always be welcome. Our billiard and pool hall is not surpassed in the city and lovers of these games can

be accommodated at all times. - - NEVILLE BLOCK. at sunset."



The sun was just going down, a hiss-ing globe of fire and torment. Already the lower limb was in contact with the jagged backbone of the mountain chain that rimmed the desert with purple and gold. Out on the barren, hard baked flat in front of the corral, just where it had been unhitched when the paymaster and his safe were dumped soon after dawn, a weatherbeaten ambulance was throwing unbroken a mile. bulance was throwing unbroken a mile long shadow toward the distant Christobal. The gateway to the east through the Santa Maria, sharply notched in the gleaming range, stood a day's march awav—a day's march now only made by night, for this was Arizona, and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same anywhere south of that curdling mud bath, the Gila, the only human beings impervious to the fierceness of its rays were the Apaches.

"And they," growled the paymaster as he petulantly snapped the lock of his little safe, "they're no more human than so many hyenas."

A big man physically was the custodian and disburser of government

greenbacks—so big that, as he stepped forth through the aperture in the hot adobe wall, he ducked his head to avert unwilling contact with its upper edge. Green glass geggles, a broad brimmed straw hat, a pongee shirt, loose tronsers of brown linen and dustcolored canvas shoes made up the outer man of a personality as distinctly un-military as it was ponderous. Slow and labored in movement, the major was correspondingly sluggish in speech. He sauntered out into the glare of the evening sunshine and became slowly conscious of a desire to swear at what he saw; that, though in a minute or two the day god would "douse his glim" behind the black horizon, no prepara-tion whatever had been made for a start. There stood the ambulance, every bolt and link and tire hot as a stove-

lid, but not a mule in sight.

Turning to his left, he strolled along toward a gap in the adobe wall and entered the dusty interior of the corral.

One of the four quadrupeds drowsing under the brush shelter languidly turned an inquiring eye and interrogative ear in his direction and conveyed, after the manner of the mule, a suggestion as to supper. A Mexican boy, sprawling in the shade of a bale of government hay and clad in cotton shirt and treusers well nigh as brown as the skin that peoped through occasional gaps, glanced up at him with languid interest an instant, and then resumed the more agreeable contemplation of the writhings of an impaled tarantula. Under another section of the shed two placid little burros were dreamily blinking at vacancy, their grizzled fronts
expressive of that ineffable peace found only in the faces of saints and donkeys. In the middle of the inclosure a rude windlass coiled with rope stood stretch-ing forth a decrepid lever arm. The whippletree, dangling from the end over the beaten circular track, seemed cracked with heat and age. The stout rope that stretched tantly from the coil passed over a wooden wheel and disappeared through a broad framed aper-ture into the bowels of the earth.

Close at hand in the shade of a brush covered "leanto" hung three or four huge ollas, earthen water jars, swathed in gunnysack and blanket. Beyond them, warped out of all possibility of future usefulness, stood what had once been the running gear of a California buckboard. Behind it dangled from dusty pegs portions of leather harness, which all the neatsfoot oil of the military pharmacopeia could never again restore to softness or pliability. A newer edition of the same class of vehicle was covered by a canvas "paulin." A huge stack of barley bags was piled at the far end of the corral, guarded from depredation (quadrupedal) by a barrier of wooden slats, mostly down, and by a tattered biped, very sound

"Where's the sergeant?" queried the paymaster slowly, addressing no one in particular, but looking plaintively

Still leaning a brown chin on a nearly black hand, and stirring up his spider with the forked stick he held in the other paw, the boy simply tilted his head toward the dark opening under the farther end of the shed, an aperture that seemed to lead to nothng but blackness beyond. 'What's he doing?'

"No sa-a-abe," drawled the boy, never lifting his handsome eyes from the joys before him.
"Why hasn't he harnessed up?"

A shrug of the shoulders was the only "No sa-a-abe," slowly as before.

"What's your name?"

"Well, here, Jose, you go and tell him I want him." The boy slowly pulled himself to-gether and found his feet; started reluctantly to obey; glanced back at his captive, now scuttling off for freedom; turned again; scotched him with his forked stick, and then with a vicious "huh!" drove the struggling araneina into the sandy soil. This done, he lounged off toward the dark corner in the wall of the ranch and dove out of

Presently there slowly issued from this recess a sturdy form in dusty blue blouse, the sleeves of which were decorated with chevrons in far faded yellow. Under the shabby slouch hat a round, sunblistered, freckled face, bristling with a week old beard, peered forth at the staff official with an expression irritation. In most perfunctory fashion the soldier just touched the hat rim with his forefinger, then dropped the hand into a convenient pocket. It was plain that he felt but faint respect for the staff rank and station of the man in goggles and authority.

"Sergeant Feeny, I thought I told you I wanted everything ready to start

"You did. sir, and then you undid it," was the prompt and sturdy reply. The paymaster stood irresolute. Through the shading spectacles of green his eyes seemed devoid of any expression. His attitude remained unchanged, thumbs in the low cut pockets of his wide flapping trousers, shoulders meek and drooping.

"W-e-ll," he finally drawled, "you understood I wanted to get on to Camp Stoneman by sunrise, didn't you? The did, yes, sir, and you don't want to get there no more than I do, major. But I told you flatfooted if you let Donovan and those other men go back on the trail they'd find some excuse to stop at Ceralvo's, and, d—n 'em, they've done it."

"Banta Maria!"

But when a moment later the proprietor of this roadside ranch, this artifical oasis in a land of desolation, strolled into the big bare room where half a dozen troopers were dozing or gambling it was with an air of confidential joviality that he whispered to the corporal in charge:

"Our fren, the major, he riffuse me sell you aguardiente—mescal, but wait—tonight."

"Oh, d—n it, Moreno, we'll be half way to Stoneman by that time," interrupted the trooper quite savagely.

"Who's to know where we got the stuff? We'll make 'em believe Donovan and those other men go back on the trail they'd find some excuse to stop at Ceralvo's, and, d—n 'em, they've done it."

"Don't you s'pose they'll be along start the moment they get back, and presently? "S'pose?" and the sun blistered face of the cavalryman seemed to grow a shade redder as he echoed almost contemptuously the word of his superior. "S'pose? Why, major, look here!" And the short, swart trooper took three quick strides, then pointed through the western gap in the adobe wall to the gilded edge of the range where the sun had just slipped from view. "It's 10 minutes since I got the last wigwag of the string of the pass. They hadn't color all flag at the pass all flag at the pass all flag at the pass. They hadn't color all flag at the pass all flag at "S'pose?" and the sun blistered face their getting here in time to light out you. He'd hear the gurgle of the at dark? You did tell me to have ev- spigot if he were 10 miles across the erything ready to start, and then you undid it by sending half the escort back. You've been here in hell's half

crossing, would you?" queried the pay-

gamble with those thugs at Ceralvo's.

They've just been paid off and had no

chance for any fun at all before they

were ordered out on this escort duty.

That money's been burning in their

pockets now for three whole nights,

broke, major-leastwise none I ever

"What makes you doubt the story,

sergeant? It came straight enough."

from Chihuahua Pete's monte mill.

It's only a hook to draw 'em back, and

mew I was asleep; and now, unless

Lieutenant Drummond should happen in with his troop, there's no help for

it but to wait for tomorrow night and

"Well, if Mr. Drummond were here,

"Oh, he'd have gone-certainly-

no certainty of getting away then."

don't you suppose he'd have gone or sent back to protect those people?"

that's his business, but it isn't yours,

haven't had a cent since last Christmas

Old Plummer kicked the toe of his

shoe into the sandy soil and hung a reflective head. "I wish you hadn't shut your eyes," he dra eled at length.

"I wouldn't, sir, if I hadn't thought

I rode alongside with finger on trigger

Absorbed in their gloomy conversa-

jor; that's what I believe."

acre three days, and I've been here that bear singing Yankee on guard three years. You have never been over hour liquor. How are you going through Canyon Diablo; I have been to at it anyhow?" through a dozen times and never yet for an answer the Mexican placed without a fight or a mighty good the forefinger of his left hand upon his without a fight or a mighty good the forefinger of his left hand upon his chance of one. Now, you may think lips and with that of the right hand it's fun to run your head into an ambuscade, but I don't. You can get 'em parthen floor. earthen floor.
"Ah, I have a mine," he whispered. too easy without trying here. I'm an old soldier, major, and too free spoken "You will not betray, eh? Shu-u! Hush! He comes now." perhaps, but I mean no disrespect, only

The gruff voice of Sergeant Feeny broke up the colloquy. wish to God you'd listen to me next "Corporal Murphy, take what men "You wouldn't have had me leave those women in the lurch back at the

you have here and groom at once. Feed and water too. Moreno, I want supmaster half apologetically.

"Why, I don't believe that story at all," flatly answered Feeny; "it's some d—d plant that fellow Donovan's you so as to be ready for work tospringing on you-a mere excuse to in ride back so they could drink and the we don't go tonight, ser-

"Who says that?" demanded Feeny quickly, whirling upon his subordi-ates. The corporal looked embarrassed and turned to Moreno for support. Moieno, profoundly calm, was as profoundly oblivious. "Moreno there," began Murphy, firding himself compelled to speak.

"I?" gravely, courteously protested the Mexican, with deprecatory shrug of his shoulders and upward lift of eye-brow. "I? What know I? I do but say the Corporal Donovan is not come. How know I you go not out tonight?" "Neither you nor the likes of you knows," was Feeny's stern retort. 'We go when we will and no questions asked. As for you, Murphy, you be ready, and it's me you'll ask, not any

outsider, when we go. I've had enough to swear at today without you fellows playing off on me. Go or no go, no liquor, mind you. The first man l catch drinking I'll tie by the thumbs to the back of the ambulance, and he'll foot it to Stoneman." No words were wasted in remon-

and they just can't stand it so long as a drop of liquor's to be had by hard riding. No soldier is happy till he's dead strance or reply. These were indeed drop of liquor's to be had by hard riding. No soldier is happy till he's dead soon after the great war of the rebellion, when men drank and swore and fought and gambled in the rough life of their exile, but obeyed, and obeyed without question, the officers "It came too d——d straight, sir; appointed over them. These were the that's just the trouble. It came straight days when veteran sergeants like Feeny -men who had served under St. George Cooke and Sumner and Harney on the they played it on you because they saw | wide frontier before the war, who had you were new to the country, and they ridden with the starry guidons in many s wild, whirling charge under Sheridan and Merritt and Custer in the valley of

Virginia-held almost despotic powers among the troopers who spent that enlistment in the isolation of Arizona. Rare were the cases when they abused their privilege. Stern was their rule, rude their speech, but by officers and men alike they were trusted and re-

major. You've got government money As for Feeny, there were not lacking there enough to buy up every rumhole south of the Gila. You're expected to pay at Stoneman, Grant and Goodwin and Crittenden and Bowie, where they and here it is the middle of May. You in the right and himself in the wrong. ought to have pushed through with all And now in the gathering shades of speed, so none of these jayhawkers night, as he stood in silence watching could get wind of your going, let alone the brisk process of grooming, and noted how thorough and businesslike, the Apaches. Every hour you hait is clear gain to them, and here you've even though sharp and stern, was Feesimply got to stay 24 hours all along ny, the paymaster was wishing he had of a cock and bull story about some not ventured to disregard the caution stageload of frightened women 15 miles of so skilled a veteran. back at Gila Bend. It's a plant, ma-

And yet the paymaster, having a human heart in his breast, had been sorely tried, for the appeal that came for help was one he could not well resist. Passing Ceralvo's at midnight and pushing relentlessly ahead instead of halting was challenged in the Mexican tongue. "Que viene?"

you'd keep yours open. You slept all night, sir, you and Mr. Dawes, while To which unlooked for and uncalled for demand the leading trooper, scorning greaser interference in American tion, neither man noticed that the wood-en shutter in the adobe wall close at "Go to h—1!"

hand had been noiselessly opened from within, just an inch or two. Neither All the same he heard the click of lock and was prompt to draw his own Colt, as did likewise the little squad knew, neither could see that behind it, in the gathering darkness of the short sumriding ahead of the creaking ambumer evening, a shadowy form was "Then you think we must stay here, do you?" queried the paymaster.

"Think? I know it. Why, the range ahead is alive with Apaches, and we opposite seat. To his startled questions the paymaster was pitched out of a been "held up" or a buckboard "Search 'em both. See if they've a dream into a doubled up mass on the "jumped" south of the turbid Gila.

"Search 'em both. See if they've a dream into a doubled up mass on the opposite seat. To his startled questions True, there was rumor of riot and lawcan't stand 'em off with only half a the driver could only make reply that lessness among the miners at Castle camp? Did you see the dead man? dozen men. Your clerk's no 'count, he didn't know what was the matter; Dome and the customary shooting scrape Did- Oh, murther! Now he's gone! P. A. LEONARD & CO., major."
the sergeant had gone ahead to see.
Old Plummer stood irresolute. His
clerk, a consumptive and broken down

the sergeant had gone ahead to see.
Presently Feeny shouted "Forward!"
and on they went again, and not until as he looked back over the desert trail

you believe that letther, major.

Ceralvo's was a mile behind could the major learn the cause of the detention.
"Some of Ceralvo's people," answered
Feeny; "d—n their impudence! reach, bemostling the fate that had impelled him to seek Arizona in search of health. He was indeed of little "count," as the paymaster well knew. After a moment's painful thought the words rose slowly to his lips:

"Well, perhaps you know best, so here we stay till tomorrow night, or at least until they got back." They thought to stop us and turn us in there by stories of Indian raids just below us—three prospectors murdered 24 miles this side of the Sonora line. Cochises' people never came this far west of the Chiricahua range. It's white cutthroats maybe, and we'll need our whole command."

least until they get back."

One could almost hear the whisper in the deep recess of the retaining wall—sibilant, gasping. Some one crouching still farther back in the black depths of the interior did hear. wearied with the vigils of two succes riding across the sunbaked, cactus dotted plain at the west a young man who had the features of the American and the grave, courteous bearing of the

DNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1893.

anta Maria!"

there won't be any time then."

"Hush, caballero; they come not

Francisco at school, are with me on the way to visit our parents in Tucson. Father was to have met us at the Bend with relays of mules. We have waited 48 hours and can wait no longer. For God's sake let half a dozen of your men ride out and escort them down here. There is no doubt in the world the Apaches are in the mountains on both

blasphemed. There in that wretched little green safe were locked up thouhad but half a dozen men for defense. the ranks, and stationed him in the bullet scarred barroom, of the ranch, with strict orders to allow not a drop to be drawn or served to any one without the sanction of Sergeant Feeny or his superior officer, the major. Even the humiliation of this proceeding had in no wise disturbed Moreno's suavity.

"Infernal old hypocrite!" swore Feeny, between his strong, set teeth. "I believe he'd like nothing better than to get the escort drunk and turn us over bag and baggage to the Morales gang." Thrice during the hot afternoon had Feony scouted the premises and striven

to find what number and manner of men Moreno might have in concealment there. Questioning was of little use. Moreno was ready to answer to anything and was never known to halt at a lie. Old Miguel, the half breed, who did odd jobs about the well and the corral, expressed profound ignorance both of the situation and Feeny's Engish. The Mexican boy had but one answer to all queries, "No sa-a-abe."

Other occupants there were, but these

even Feeny's sense of duty could not

n the depths of the domestic portion of the ranch, where the brush on the flat roof was piled most heavily and the walls were jealously thick, all scouting parties or escorts well knew that Moreno's wife and daughter were hidden from prying eyes, and rumor had it that often there were more than those who declared him spoiled. Twice two feminine occupants; that these that day had the paymaster been on were sometimes joined by three or four the point of rebuking his apparent in- others-wives or sweethearts of outcensure, knowing, after all, Feeny to be rales—and all Arizona knew that Pasqual Morales had little more Mexican blood in his veins than had Feeny himself. He was an Americano, a cursed gringo for whom long years ago the sheriffs of California and Nevada had chased in vain, who had sought refuge and a mate in Sonora and whose swarthy features found no difficulty in masquerading under a Mexican name when the language of love had made him familiar with the Mexican tongue. Slow to action, slow of speech as was the paymaster, he was not slow to see that Sergeant Feeny was anxious and ill at ease, and if a veteran trooper, there as the men had hoped, the party whom his captain had pronounced the coolest, pluckiest and most reliable man in the regiment, could be so disturbed over the indications, it was high time to take precaution. What was the threatened danger? Apaches? They guard of soldiers, whatsoever they might do in the canyons in the range heard of for months. He had inquired into all this at Yuma, at the stage stalance. The two leaders of the mules tions, by mail of the commanding whirled instantly about and became officers at Lowell and Bowie and tangled up with the wheel team, and Grant. Not for six months had a stage jerk him to his feet.

And yet in the glaring sunshife of that May morning, after they had un-saddled at Moreno's, and the sergeant, sive nights, had gone to sleep in the coolest shade he could find, there came

"My name is Harvey," said he.
"My sisters, who have been in San

sides, and I'm trembling for fear they've already found our camp. None of my party dared make the ride, so I had to What was Plummer to do? He didn't want to rouse the sergeant. This wasn't going back to Ceralvo's, but riding northward to the rescue of imperiled beauty. He simply couldn't refuse, the front, just in time for a sensation.

Two troopers, two of the men who had were eager to go. From Mr. Harvey he learned that his father had married ing into the lighted space before the into an old Spanish Mexican family at main entrance. At sight of the pay-Havana, had been induced by them to take charge of certain business in Matamoras, and that long afterward he had removed to Guaymas and thence to Tucson. The children had been educed the salute. The other, with an envelope in his hand, reeled out of the saddle, failed to catch his balance, plunged "Do you mean there is no truth in this? Do you mean you think it all a trick?" at last queried the velope in his hand, reeled out of the saddle, failed to catch his balance, plunged ucated at San Francisco, and the sis-

ters, now 17 and 15 years of age respectively, were soon to go to Cuba to visit relatives of their mother, but were turned the prostrate trooper over on his determined once more to see the quaint old home at Tucson before so doing: hence this journey under his charge. The story seemed straight enough. Plummer had never yet been to Tucson, but at Drum Barracks and Wilmington he had often heard of the Harveys, and Donovan swore he knew them all by ayse.

sight, especially the old man. The matter was settled before Plummer really knew whether to take the responsibility or not, and the cavalry corporal with five men rode back into the fiery heat of the Arizona day and was miles away toward the Gila before Feeny woke to a realizing sense of what had happened. Then he came out and sands enough of dollars to tempt all the outlawry of the occident to any deed of desperation that might lead to the capture of the booty, and with Donovan and his party away Feeny saw he At his interposition the major had at least done one thing-warned Moreno not to sell a drop of his fiery mescal to any one of the men, and when the Mexican expressed entire willingness to acquiesce Feeny's suspicions were redoubled and he picked out Trooper Latham, a New Englander whom some strange and untoward fate had led into

"All I possess is at your feet," he had said to the major, with Castilian grace and gravity, "Take or withhold it as

> "Camp burned. One man killed; The major dropped the paper, fairly

bling out into the summer night. No one paid other heed to the trooper sprawling in the sand. Already in deep, drunken simmber, he was breathprompt him to disturb. Somewhere ing stertorously. Feeny's eyes seemed fastened to the letter. Line by line, word by word, again and again he throat, shaking him violently. "Answer now. Hware'd you get

my 'on"-

with it! Hware'd you get it if it been near Ceralvo's?"

met couple gen'l'men-perfec' gen'l'men, ranchers; they were going after the Indians. They gave us jus' o-one drink-'piece. Jus' five minutes-go." were they? Answer or, d-n you, penetrating Liniment in the world. It will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, I'll shake the truth out of you!" shouted Feeny, suiting action to word. "Spake Burns, Sciatica, Sore Throat, Sore Chest, before you, too, are lying like that and all Inflammation, after all others other hog. Did you ever see the camp? have failed. It will cure Barbed Wire Did you ever get to the crossing at all? Cuts, and heal all wounds where proud Donse a dipper of water over him, you flesh has set in. It is equally efficient Latham, quick. Wake up, I say, Mul- for animals. Try it and you will not be lan. For the love of God, major, I be- without it. Price 50 cents. Sold by A. lieve they're both drugged. I believe it's all a d—d lie. I believe its only a skame to get you to send out the rest of your escort, so they can tackle Rheumatism, Nervous Diswould never assault the ranch with its would never assault the ranch with its him; throt him round; don't let him get to sleep. Answer me, you scounbeyond. Outlaws? They had not been drel!" he fairly yelfed, for Mullan's head was drooping on his breast and every Twice his knees doubled up like a footrule and the stout little sergeant had to

flask betune 'em, Latham. Answer rent. CURE GUARANTEED.

daily. Come and see.

NO. 50.

Awarded Highest Honors---World's Fair.

It's only a plan to rob ye of your es-cort first and your life and money later.

That's it, men; douse them, kick them, murther them both if you like—the

curs!-and they'd drink when they

knowed every man was needed." And

adding force to his words Feeny drove a furious kick at the luckless Mullan.

mean that every story told us about

the Apaches west or south of here or

between us and the Gila is a bloody

lie. The guard at the signal station

hadn't seen or heard of them. They

laughed at me when I told them what

they tried to make us believe at Ceral-

vo's. 'Twas there they wanted to have you stop, for there you'd have no chance

at all. Shure, do you suppose if the Apaches were out—if this story was true—they wouldn't have heard it and investigated it by this time, and the beacon fire would have been blasing at

Then Murphy turned and ran around the corner of the corral to a point where he could see the dim outline of the

range against the western sky. The

next moment his voice rose upon the

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive

in the northern part of that state

Saturday Review. Mr. Blaize had

turn he was threatened with a

severe case of pneumonia or lung

fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the near-

est drug store and got a bottle of

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of

the effect was wonderful and in a

at the peak."

Used in Millions of Homes-40 Years the Standard.

and sloft into the star studded, cloud

Nothing could be more placid, nothing less prophetic of peril or ambush than this exquisite summer night. Somewhere within the forbidden region of Moreno's harem a guitar was beginning to tinkle softly. That was all very well, but then a woman's voice, anything but soft, took up a strange, monotonous refrain. Line after line, verse after verse, it ran, harsh, change-less. He could not distinguish the words—he did not wish to; the music was bad enough in all conscience, what-soever it might become when sung by youth or beauty. As it fell from the lips of Senora Moreno the air was a succession of vocal nasal disharmonies high pitched, strident, nerve racking.

Unable to listen after the third repe-tition, Plummer slowly retired from the corral and once more appeared at Two troopers, two of the men who had ridden back with Donovan, came lurchheavily into the sand and lay there. Corporal Murphy sprang eagerly for-ward, the first man to reach him, and

"What's the matter?" queried Plummer. "Is he sick?" "Sick, is it?" was the quick retort, as the corporal sniffed at the tainted breath of the sufferer. "Be the powers, I only wish I had half his dis-

And then came Feeny, glaring, wrath-

"Come down off the top of that horse, Mullan," he ordered, fiercely. "How-how'd ye get here? Which way'd ye come? Where's the rest?" With the ponderous dignity of in-ebriety, Mullan slowly pointed up the desert under the spot where the pole star glowed in the northern skies. star glowed in the northern skies.

"Sarsh'nt," he hiccoughed, "we're
—we're too late; 'Paches got there—

It's no lie. The signal fire's blazing

"Hwat! hwat!" thundered Feeny "D'ye mean there were women-that it wasn't a plant?" "Fack

"Hware's your dispatches, you Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive drunken lout? How dare you dhrink real estate dealer in Des Moines, when there was fight ahead? Hware's lowa, narrowly escaped one of the your dispatches? and may heaven blast severest attacks of pneumonia while the souls of you both!" "Here, sergeant," said Murphy, during a recent blizzard, says the wrenching the soiled envelope from the

loose grasp of the prostrate trooper. "It's to you, sir," said Feeny, with occasion to drive several miles durone glance at the sprawling superscrip- ing the storm and was so thoroughly tion. "In God's name read and let us chilled that he could not get warm, know what devil's work's abroad to- and inside of an hour after his re-

Even Plummer's pudgy fingers trembled as he tore open the dingy packet Old Moreno came forth with a light, his white teeth gleaming, his black eyes flashing from one to another of the group. Holding the penciled page close to the lantern, the paymaster a number of large doses. He says read aloud:

short time he was breathing quite others scattered; mules and buckboard easily. He kept on taking the gone. For God's sake help in the pur-suit. Strike for Raton Pass. The Inmedicine and the next day was able to come to Des Moines. M. Blaize dians have run away my poor sisters. regards his cure as simply wonder-"EDWARD HARVEY." ful. For sale by A. F. Streitz and

stunned with dismay. Feeny sprang forward, picked it up, and eagerly crutinized the page. Mullan, standing insteadily at the head of his wearied North Platte Pharmacy. In the case of Mrs. Wilson of Custer county, alleged to be insane, the Broken Bow Republican thinks the witnesses who appeared against with glassy eyes, his lips vainly striving to frame further particulars. Leaving their supper unfinished, the other men of the little squad had come tum-

Sing a song of sixpence, Pocket full of rye, Four and twenty blackbirds Baked in a pie; When the pie was opened And the birds began to sing: Buy a bottle of Haller's cough syrup spelled it through. Suddenly he leaped It's just the proper thing. forward and clutched Mullan at the For sale by F. II. Longley. The cause of the failure of the

your liquor? Didn't this fellow give Rushville bank of which Lew May is president was the beginning of a "On my honor-no, sarsh'nt, 'pon suit by the bank to recover from the estate of the late cashier \$10,000 wasn't from him? Shure you've not depositors hearing of this became frightened and made a run, soon "No, sarsh'nt, no Ceralvo's. We cleaning out the cash in the vaults.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.
This wonderful Liniment is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from "How far away was this? Hware the Lakes to the Gulf. It is the most

# eases and Asthma

CANNOT BE CURED without

the aid of ELECTRICITY. We do not sell the apparatus, but

Madison, Wis.